

# The Winchester Appeal

LEWIS METCALFE,  
GEORGE E. PURVIS, } Editors.

WINCHESTER:

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1856.

## SALUTATORY.

By a mysterious turn of the Wheel of Fortune we find ourself seated upon the Editorial Tripod. We rise to "tip our Beaver" to the entire Corps Editorial, and feel somewhat diffident in being associated with so many illustrious "guardians of the public morals." To the readers of the Appeal we make our most profound bow. That "no man may despise our youth," we purpose to supply the deficiencies of age with energy and zeal for the public entertainment; cautiously using our eclectic scissors, and wielding an independent pen—that "mighty instrument of little men"—we intend that the dignity of the free Tennessee press shall not be lowered under "our administration." Once more, with the most deferential respect, we make our bow to an indulgent, enlightened public; and resume our seat.

Geo. E. Purvis.

It will appear to our readers to-day that the Winchester Appeal is no longer to be considered as a "one-horse" paper. Our friend Purvis has consented to hitch on with us, and carry the Appeal on its determined course to do good in the community. We commend our young colleague to the confidence and respect of our patrons, fully satisfied that a liberal public will encourage the meritorious efforts of youth, when directed by an emulation worthy of their favor. The graceful and salutatory bow of our young friend to the "Corps Editorial" will guarantee to him a ready passport to their esteem; and we assure them that a more gallant "Knight of the Quill" never entered the lists of lettered chivalry.

Lewis Metcalfe.

## DEMOCRACY.

The election of James Buchanan by the Democratic party of this country will go down in history as one of the most extraordinary events of these our times. To hear old whigs urging against Mr. Buchanan that he was a United States Bank man, a high protective tariff man, and a bankrupt law man,—just the sort of man they in their palmy days supported,—and to see old democrats supporting him notwithstanding they had, when only nine years old, sworn eternal opposition to all Bank, High Tariff and Bankrupt Law men—was not that a sight to see! In his early political career, too, Mr. Buchanan had been a federalist,—in Congress had drawn up, and with others had signed a paper beginning with "We as Federalists in the American Congress"; and notwithstanding every candidate of the old whig party had somehow or other smelt of Federalism, and the old democrats had always professed themselves the peculiar enemies to Federalists—Gov. A. V. Brown having declared in the Baltimore Convention that the nomination of Mr. Buchanan with his federalism to answer, would be the death of the democratic party—yet to see the whigs crying Federalist! Federalist! and to see the Democrats elevating that same federalist, James Buchanan, to the chair of Jefferson and Jackson,—was not that a sight to see! But that the South, in an avowed contest with the North on the slavery question, should in a body give their suffrages to a gentleman whose antecedents on that very question had all been, to say the very least, very unsatisfactory and dubious; and especially that the South should in his election endorse the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," "the best Will-mot proviso ever enacted," "of all doctrines, hitherto, the most odious to the South," and which practically is a surrender, a tame surrender of every inch of our territory to the North; all this will be commented upon by the future historian as instances of the sudden revolution of popular opinion, and of the power of the charm that lies in the very name "democrat."

"What's in a name? A rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet!"

Call a federalist, or a protective tariff man, or an internal improvement man, or a bank man, or a bankrupt law man,—call him a democrat and presto

—we vote for him! Well! *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*; which being freely translated is:

Manners, with fortunes, humors change with times.  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.  
With a President of such a varied life for his biography, speculation itself is at a loss to conjecture the policy of his administration. We shall be disappointed at nothing, and shall bide the time and wait with patience for further developments.

One thing must strike every observing mind as a characteristic of the two great parties of this country: the one change their principles and adopt a name to suit,—the other change their principles and still call them democratic. If James Buchanan be a democrat then are all old whigs good democrats and all old Jackson democrats turned to Henry Clay whigs!—Certain it is that the democrats have adopted and now claim as "democratic thunder" almost every great whig measure; and who will wonder to see in a short time the know-nothing articles embodied in the next democratic confession of faith? Just write *democrat* on "Sam's" back and our word for it he is the successor of James Buchanan!

## Southern Commercial Convention.

A sharp controversy has been going on in Nashville in reference to the propriety of sending delegates to the Southern Commercial Convention about to sit at Savannah, Ga. It appears that the Union-loving and National-feeling Board of Aldermen at the Capital has, by a vote of nearly two to one, decided that Nashville shall not be represented there. Alderman Fogg figures largely in the Council, and expresses his fears that the Convention would spring political questions, and scatter disunion firebrands through the South. On this ground Nashville refuses to be represented there. All the American papers of the city sustain the action of the Board of Aldermen, while the *Union and American* considers their conduct as "dishonorable to the city."

We think the policy of the Board of Aldermen in bad taste. We think with the *Union and American*, that Nashville, a great, growing and proud Commercial city, ought to be represented in the Southern Commercial Convention. It strikes our minds that the policy of non-representation will have the very effect it is intended to check, viz: increasing and intensifying a Southern feeling. Let the South consult. It is her right and duty. It is thus we winnow the chaff from the wheat. Is not this a part of our country, and have we not Commercial interests to cherish? Besides, if Alderman Fogg at Nashville fears the proceedings of the Convention will smack too much of fire-eatingism, why, he should be there to administer his national ice creams and lemonades. We are not of the South Carolina school of politicians, but we don't like to see conservatism "run into the ground."

We are glad to see that Gov. Johnson has appointed our able and accomplished fellow townsman, Hugh Francis, Esq., to represent Franklin county in the Convention. He has made a judicious selection.

Our Town Council has also taken action in this matter. The list of delegates will be found in this issue.

## The Catholic Question.

It is the foundation of our political system that *everything in America shall be American*. We want no Roman Church in America. We once had an English Church here—the Church of England. Our fathers said to the Episcopalians, this won't do. Every thing here must be American. They said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, you shall not ordain Bishops for this country. They said to the Episcopalians here, "Ordain your own bishops." And thereupon the Episcopal Church broke off its allegiance to the British Church. And now it is called, and is, the American Episcopal Church.—Shall we show more favor to the Catholics than our fathers did to the Episcopalians? Why should we?

So of the Methodist Church. Our fathers said to the Methodists, "John Wesley is a Briton; he must not ordain your ministers. You must sever your connexion with him and the British Methodist Church. Every thing here must be American." And so they

broke off from the British Church, and now the Methodist Church in the United States is independent of all foreign Churches. It is American. Shall we favor the Catholics more than the Methodists? Why should we? What entitles the Catholic Church to such exemption?

But you want to dictate to a Catholic how he shall worship? No. That is not the point. The Catholic, for aught we care, may build as many temples as he pleases, as large as our court house, if he likes, and as high as the Cumberland mountains if he so fancies; and he may pray to God, or to "his Mother the Virgin," or to St. Peter, or to a picture,—he may count over his beads a thousand times a day, sprinkle holy water on his head till he washes all the hair off, and eat wafers by the bushel basket full for aught we are concerned; but we say to him: you must renounce the Roman Pope and make you an American Pope.—Your Church must be American; everything here must be American. We will have no Roman Church in America. That is what we say to the Catholic, and he must do it or he shall neither vote nor hold office in America.

For the Appeal.

## THE FUTURE.

A gentleman in Mississippi, a Judge, and high in wealth, respectability and influence, lately wrote us after the following fashion:

"We are a doomed nation. This people have demonstrated that man is incapable of self-government. We need a master. If Fremont be elected, this Union will be dissolved in ninety days thereafter. A limited monarchy is doubtless the best form of government."

We would mention that the writer of the above is a warm supporter of Buchanan, but that we do not wish it inferred that we hold the Democratic party responsible for the private opinions of one of its members.

But the recklessness growing upon this fast age, and especially upon this "fast" progressive Democratic party, indicates to the minds and fears of the great conservative minority of this country that as a nation we are drifting to destruction. The Buchanan presses of the South are already claiming the gratitude of Mr. Buchanan, and demand as a compensation for his election that he shall annex Cuba, enter into an alliance with Walker, protect Nicaragua, and keep a filibustering eye on Mexico, &c. Such are the unblushing demands of the New Orleans *Delta*.

It was the wise advice of Augustus Caesar, to the Roman nation; given in his dying hour when ambition had fled, and the good of his country filled his soul, not to extend any further the limits of the Roman Empire. We respectfully suggest to our countrymen, that it is high time that a check be put upon our annexation proclivities.—There is such a thing as a wild patriotism. And there is nothing more fatal to commonwealths than Republicanism run mad. In reason's name we have territory enough. We utter what we believe to be the sentiments of the American party when we say that we are from this time forth forever opposed to the annexation of another foot of soil, be it island or mainland, Cuba, Nicaragua, Mexico, Sandwich or Canada, to these United States. We are making the experiment of a representative Republican government. We have a country and a climate the very best on the broad earth—and it is enough for us and our children for all coming time. Accession of territory would trouble us—ruin us—and benefit nobody. If other people want to be free and have republics, in God's name let them imitate our example, and light their way to independence.

We have enough to do to mind our own business. It does look as if the great days of the Republic have passed away with the great men whose names have become the proverbs of the American mind. We seem to have lost the breed of noble bloods. We have hot-headed counsellors—Republican Don Quixotes—neglecting their own country, and shedding crocodile tears over the miseries, or madly defying the provess of others.

We yet hope Mr. Buchanan will ignore the mad schemes of our Southern hotspurs, and determine to confine his administration to the soil over which

the Eagle of American Liberty has spread the wings of the American Constitution.

This seeking to acquire, by robbery or diplomacy, more territory, while giving away what we have to European emigrants, who flee their country for their country's good, seems to us transcendental folly.

G. P. H.

Written for the Winchester Appeal.

## LINES

BY M. F. WHITE, JR.

The days of my childhood, how full and replete  
With joys and with pleasure divine;  
Their moments like flowers strewn under my feet,—  
The pathway of life looked sublime.

My comrades were cheerful and playful  
and wild,  
Our gambols we played in the bower;  
The breezes of Summer that murmured and smiled,  
Brought odors from many a flower.

But brightest and best of that juvenile band,—  
The picture of innocent pride;  
With angelic features and lily-white hand,  
She lingered all day at my side.

Her forehead majestic o'erhung by a tress,  
That flowed in the sweet wild breeze;  
Like the wavelets that sweep o'er the golden grass,  
While the zephyr of noon-day breathes.

Her eyes were like gems from the Emerald isle,  
And tinged with a violet blue;  
Her lips were like rubies and shown with a smile  
That her friendship was constant and true.

Her cheeks were like roschuds before they are blown—  
While laved in a May morning shower;  
Or the hectic of beauty before it has flown  
From the petals of some tiny flower.

With a volatile air she oft would appear,  
To act as the queen of our play;  
For her step was as soft when it fell on the ear,  
As snow-drops that fall by the way.

With a wreath on her brow she sat in the ring,  
Uniting her song in a rhyme,  
And warbling her notes would enchantingly sing.

While slowly we marched to the tune,  
One day I remember when we were alone,  
We sat by the side of the brook;  
She marked with a rock on the face of a stone.

Some letters she'd learned from her book,  
And now when I sport on the banks of that stream  
I read them with pensive delight,  
For the days of our rambles are now like a dream.

That's fled in the stillness of night,  
O! fond recollections of days that are gone,  
That fall on my soul in a dream,  
And gladden my heart when I ramble alone.

On the banks of that same little stream,  
That same gentle hand that plied in my own  
Lies palsied and cold in the grave,  
That angelic form has left me and gone  
To sing with the angels above.

For she was too lovely and pure to remain  
Where sorrows corrode on the soul;  
And now she has left me to join in the strain  
Where anthems exultantly roll.

O, Sister, come down from thy mansions above,  
And visit my earthly abode;  
O, leave for a moment that City of Love  
And show me the pathway to God.

Written for the Winchester Appeal.

## BUZZ—A POEM.

BY QUIZ, POET LAUREATE.

At Memphis I stood on the bluff,  
And there gazed on the "Father of Waters" as he rolled down the drift and the stuff,—

[Just here our *devil* got so enraptured he could not set another type. The author will please excuse us.]

TALE BEARING.—Never repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct; and even then unless something is to be gained of interest to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned.

Tattling is a mean and a wicked practice, and we regret that there are many in our midst who love, apparently, to indulge it, and they seem to grow fonder of it the more successful they are. To such we would say: If you have no good to say of your neighbor never reproach his character by telling what is false. One who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another until the tale becomes enormous. "A story never loses anything" is wisely remarked; but on the contrary gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for truth. Truly the "tongue is an unruly member and is full of poison."—*Ex.*

Softly!  
She is lying  
With her lips apart,  
Softly!  
She is dying  
Of a broken heart!

Whisper!  
She is going  
To her final rest.  
Whisper!  
Life is growing  
Dim within her breast.

Gently!  
She is sleeping—  
She has breathed her last.  
Gently!  
While you are weeping,  
She to Heaven has past.

The Hon. R. Barnwell Rhett of S. C., in his disunion letter, has the following:

"A complete revolution has been effected in the government. From a free government, it has become a sheer despotism."

Which, being in the Latin, we construe into a complaint against the legislature of S. C. for not having re-elected him to the United States Senate

## Southern Convention.

At a meeting of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, November 11th, when there were present the Mayor Frizzell, and Aldermen, Turney, Hall, Estill, Templeton and Pearce,

On motion, it was  
Resolved, That the following delegates be appointed to the "Southern Commercial Convention," to convene at Savannah, Georgia, on Monday 8th of December next, to wit:

Peter Turney,  
Hugh Francis,  
B. F. Russey,  
Hon. H. L. Turney,  
B. Templeton,  
Dr. Wallace Estill,  
Maj. Wm. E. Venable,  
L. W. Gonce,  
H. T. Carr,  
Daniel Brazelton, Jr.,  
Dr. H. G. Blanton,  
John B. Hawkins,  
Dr. Lewis Metcalfe,  
F. T. Estill,  
John F. Anderson,  
B. B. Turman,  
Dr. S. B. Pearce,  
Dr. Wm. Estill,  
Thomas L. Estill,  
Henderson F. Robertson,  
G. A. Shook,  
John G. Brazelton,  
Wm. C. Handly,  
James A. England,  
S. W. Houghton,  
M. W. Garner,  
Dr. ——— Abernathy.

## How to be Miserable.

Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "O, that I was a rich man." Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, take a walk in the burial ground continually saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here?" Sign a note for your friend, and never forget your kindness; and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that note." Think every body means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine, till you put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every shilling passed to you is but a slipence crossed and express your doubts about getting rid of it, if you should take it. Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue. Never accommodate, if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor. Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over your misfortune, your lack of talents, and believe at no distant day you will come to want. Let the work-house be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty. Then you will be miserable to your heart's content, (if we may so speak) sick at heart, and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you; nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart. All will be as dark and cheerless as the grave.

The following waif is too good to be lost:

Softly!  
She is lying  
With her lips apart,  
Softly!  
She is dying  
Of a broken heart!

Whisper!  
She is going  
To her final rest.  
Whisper!  
Life is growing  
Dim within her breast.

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## COMMERCIAL.

### Nashville Market.

DAILY PATRIOT OFFICE,  
Nashville, Nov. 28.

There is little to notice of importance in our market report this week, no material changes having taken place in quotations, and trade remaining much the same as it was last week. For a day or so past the indications have been more favorable to business and a better feeling generally has been manifested. The river has again commenced rising. Cotton is coming forward, though in limited quantities, and tobacco begins to arrive. Rain has fallen, light here, but copiously we learn to the south and east, so that we may expect a good stage of water.

COTTON.—The market has been dull, limited quantities have arrived and prices remain as they were, 10½a10¾. We heard of one sale of an inferior article at 9c.

FLOUR.—There is still considerable activity in flour. Sales of Sylvan Mills have taken place at 25 per 100. We quote superfine at 5 75a6 00 per 100 lbs; extra at 6 50a6 50.

GRAIN.—Very little is being done in grain. We quote Wheat at 90a1 00; Rye 50c; Corn 50c; and clean Oats 30c.

GROCERIES.—There is a fair business doing in this branch of trade. We note no change in Coffee; Sugars still buoyant. New Orleans 11a12½; Havana white at the same; do brown 10a11; loaf 14a16, crushed do.

SALT.—There is considerable activity in Salt. The market is well supplied and we hear that it is selling at 2 25 for coarse sack and 2 80 for fine do.

PROVISIONS.—Very little doing in consequence of none of any amount coming to market. The turn of the market is favorable to holders. We quote

Bacon—hams 9½a10c; sides 8a8½c; shoulders 6a7.

Beef 4 00.  
Lard 9c.  
Meal per bushel 50c.  
Butter per lb. 20c.  
Eggs 12c.

COAL.—The supply is getting short. Mountain coal is selling for 30a35c; Seawance at 18a22; Ohio river 25a30c.

## WINCHESTER GROCERY MARKET

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT

Corrected Weekly by James Campbell.

COFFEE, # pound, 14a16

SUGAR, # pound, 14a15

New Orleans Brown, 20

Crushed, 18

Clarified, 18

SALT, 3 75

Sack, fine, 3 50

" coarse, 3 50

Barrel, # bushel, 80

MOLASSES, # gallon, 80

Rebilled, 80

FLOUR, 3 50

In sacks of 100 lbs., 3 50

AXES, # dozen, 14 00a15 00

Collins & Co., 14 00a15 00

BEEFWAX, # pound, 18a20

Yellow, 18a20

CANDLES, # pound, 18a20

Mould, 18a20

Pressed, 30

Star, 30

FEATHERS, live geese # lb. 30

FRUIT, # bushel, 1 00

Dried Apples, peeled, 1 00

" Peaches, unpeeled, 1 00

GRAIN, # bushel, 30a40

Corn, 30a40

Wheat, 30a40

Rye, 30a40

Oats, 30

NAILS, 30

Assorted, # keg of 100 lbs 30 00a7 00

LARD, # pound, 8

BACON, # pound, 9

RICE, in barrels, # lb. 70

TALLOW, # lb. 10

TOBACCO, Caldwell's, # lb. 20a25

GINSENG, dried, # lb. 18a25

SHOT, bag, 2 50

## Notice.

On Thursday the 25th of December, 1856, at the late residence of W. B. Wagner in Franklin County, I will sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, one negro woman named Esther, 40 years old, of dark complexion; one negro woman named Rachel, 40 years, of copper complexion; one negro girl named Hannah, 15 years old, of dark complexion; one negro girl named Ellen, 9 years old, of dark complexion; one sorrel horse, 7 years old; two bay mules, 2 years old; one milch cow; one yearling; one bullock; ten head of stock hogs; fifty barrels of corn; six large haystacks; one four-horse wagon; one two-horse wagon; one top buggy; one bureau; one small table; one breakfast table; one sofa, and ten plows levied upon, as the property of W. B. Wagner, to satisfy an execution in my hands in favor of the heirs of James Lewis, deceased.

JAMES MASON,  
Nov 28 tds  
Dept. Sheriff.

## Oysters.

A fresh lot just received and for sale cheap for cash at the New Orleans store.  
Nov 28 2t  
A. JOURDAN.

Flour! Flour!—Large lot just received and for sale by J. CAMPBELL.  
FOR SALE.—A good one-horse Carriage—four seats. Apply at this office.  
aug 2 1m